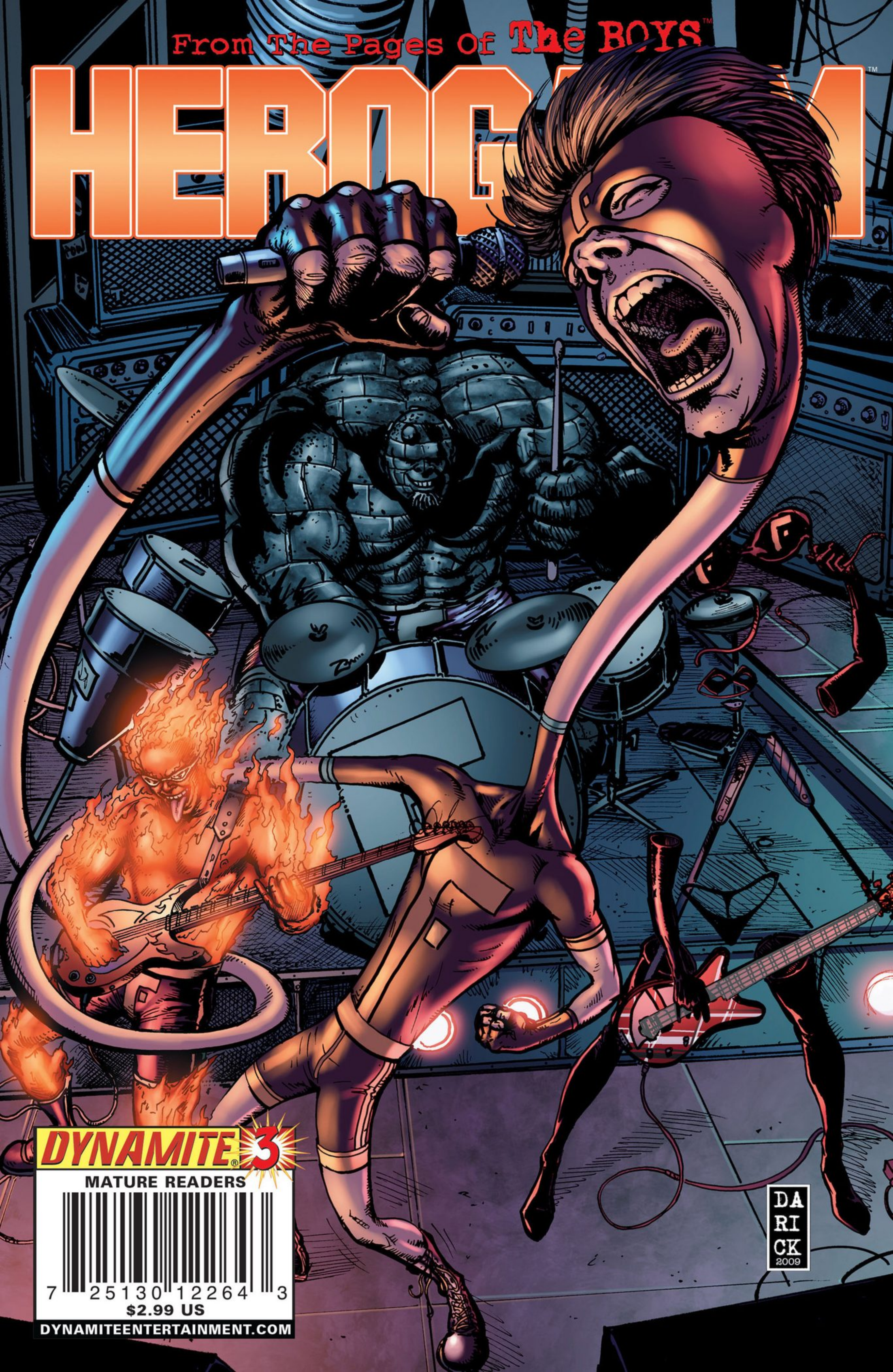


From The Pages Of The BOYS™

HEROIC™



DYNAMITE 3

MATURE READERS



7 25130 12264 3

\$2.99 US

DYNAMITEENTERTAINMENT.COM

DA
RI
CK
2009

From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

HEROGASM™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Pencils by:
JOHN MCCREA with
KEITH BURNS

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Inks by:
KEITH BURNS with
JOHN MCCREA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON



FOR DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

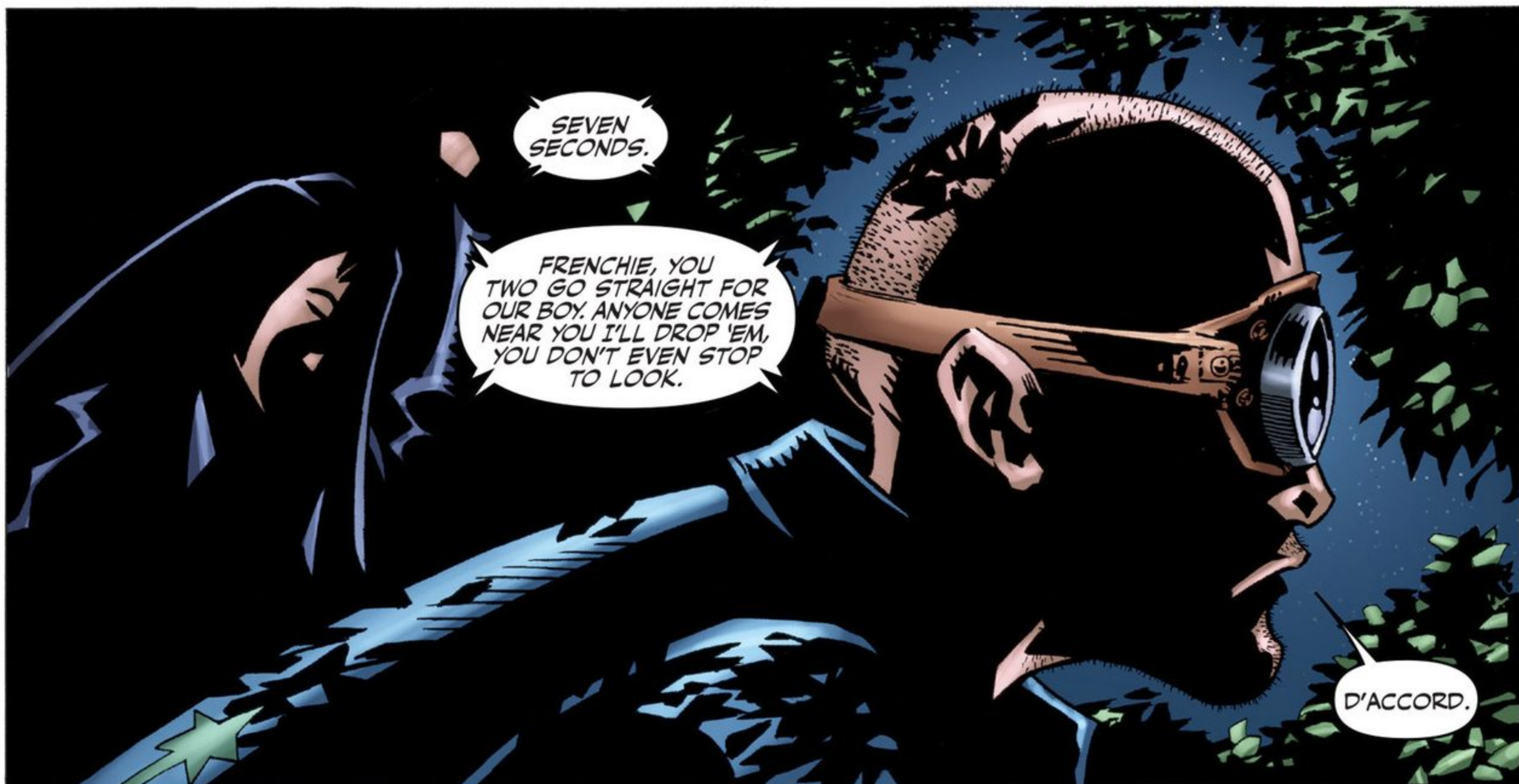


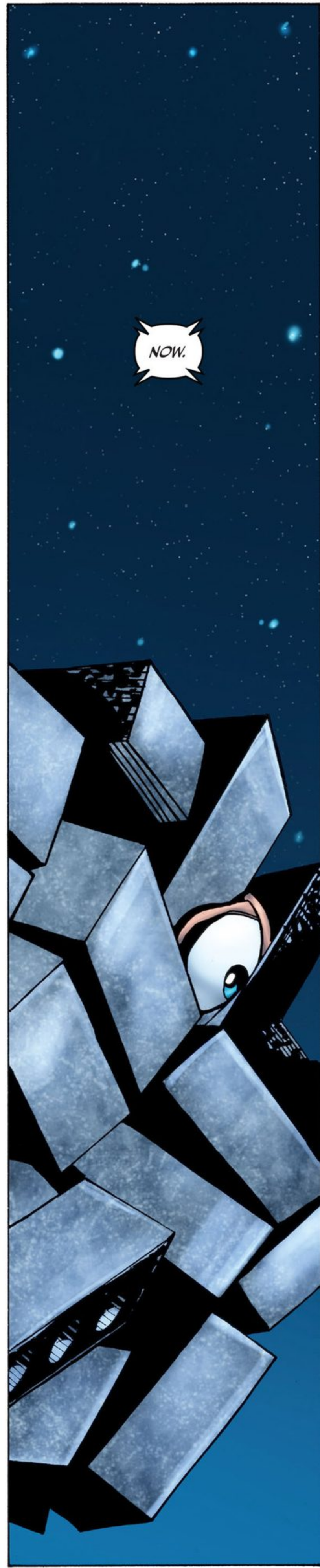
THE BOYS: HEROGASM, VOLUME 1 #3. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078. Copyright © 2009 Spitfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS, HEROGASM, all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spitfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. DYNAMITE, DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT and its logo are ® & © 2009 DFI. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes.

For information regarding media rights, foreign rights, promotions, licensing, and advertising please e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com

Printed in Canada.



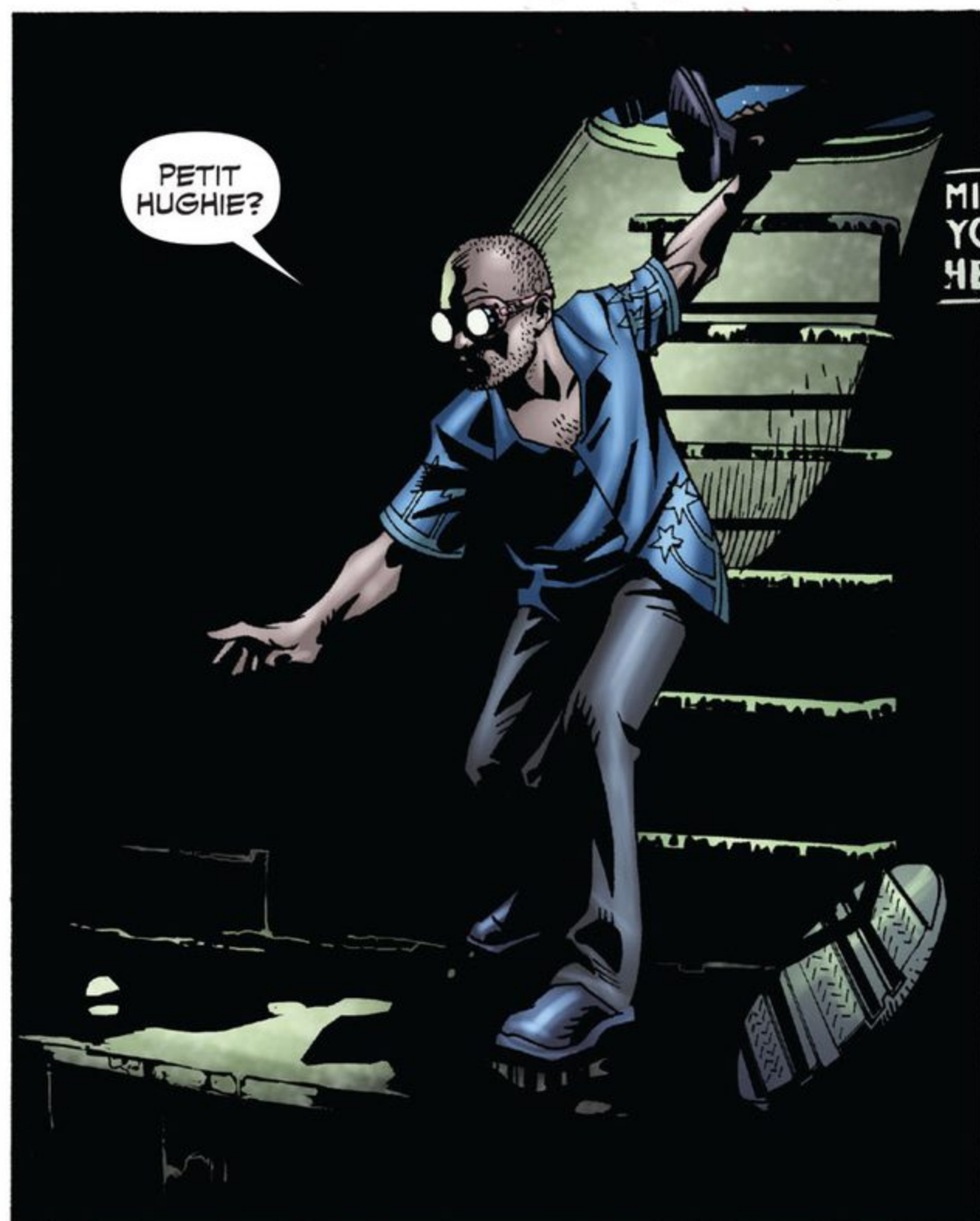
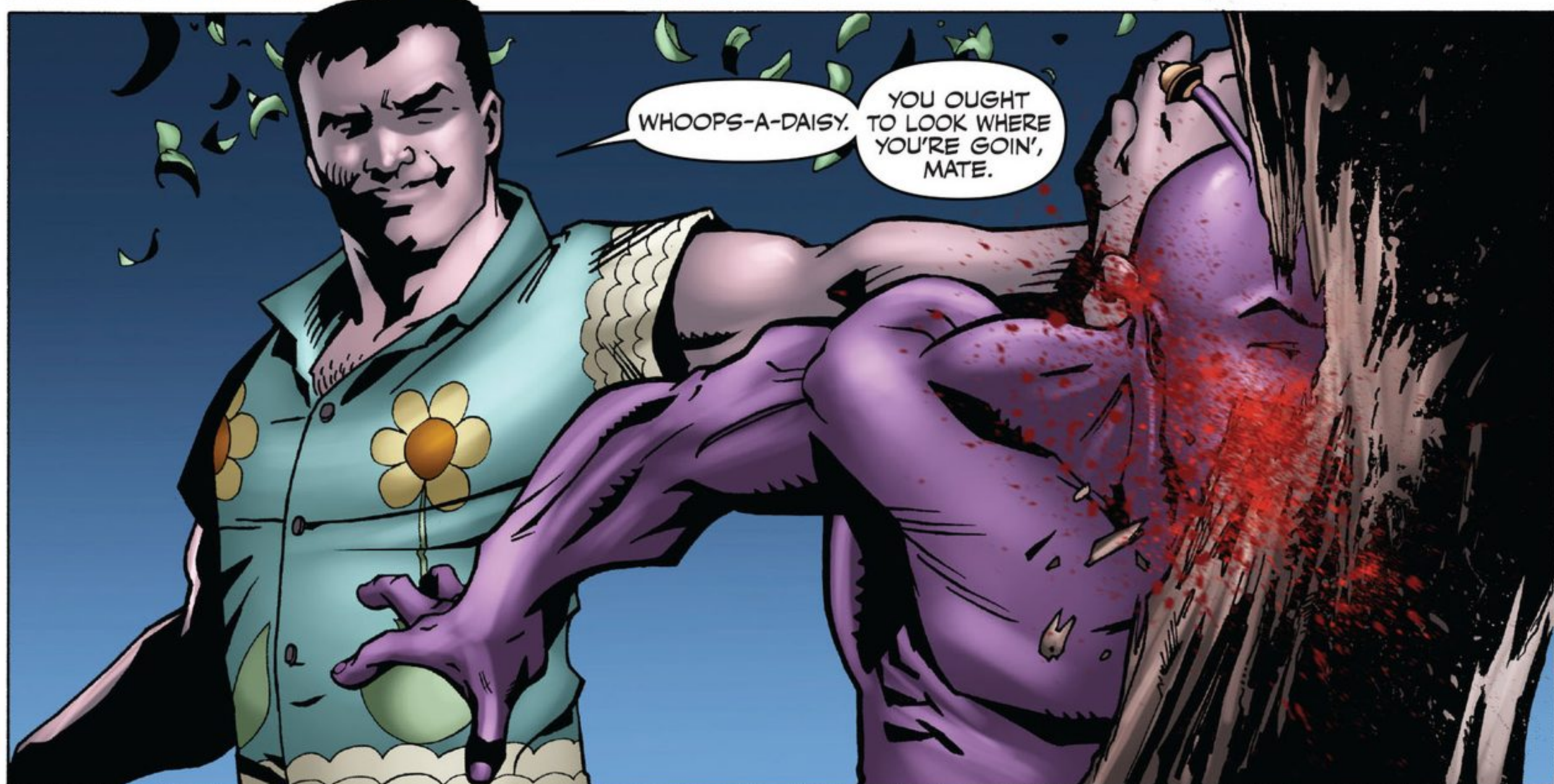






GO.

Three: VEGAS





JESUS CHRIST--

IS THAT THE DOOFER...?

WHO IS IT?
WHO IS IT?

AIRFORCE TWO,
THIS IS SWORDPOINT,
WE HAVE EINSTEIN
SECURE--SITUATION
UNCLEAR BUT SPOOL
HER UP AND STAND
BY, WE MAY HAVE
TO EXPEDITE--



M'SIEU CHARCUTER,
HE IS NOT
COOPERATING...

JUST TWAT HIM
AN' GET HIM OUT OF
IT, FRENCHIE. WE CAN
TELL HIM WE'RE
SORRY LATER.

ALSO: NO
PETIT HUGHIE.
DISPARU.



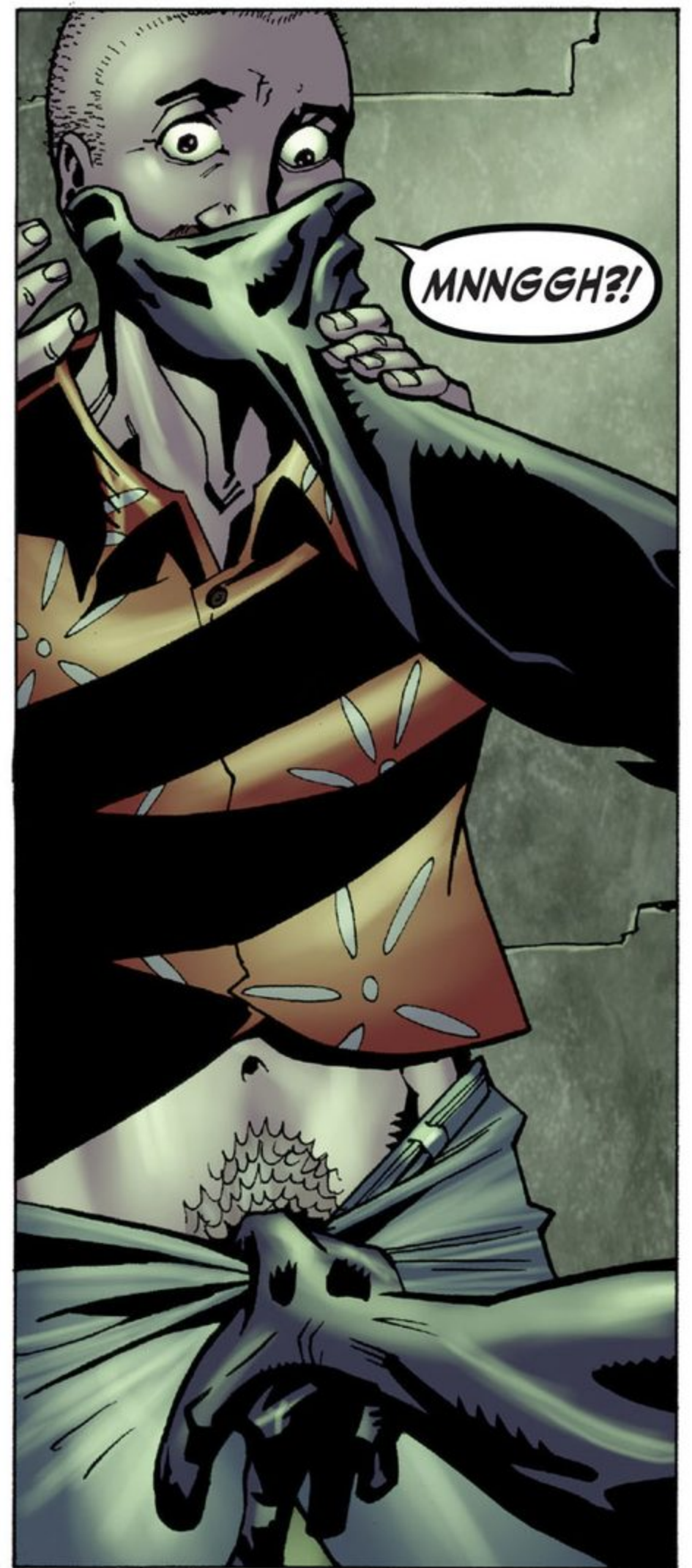
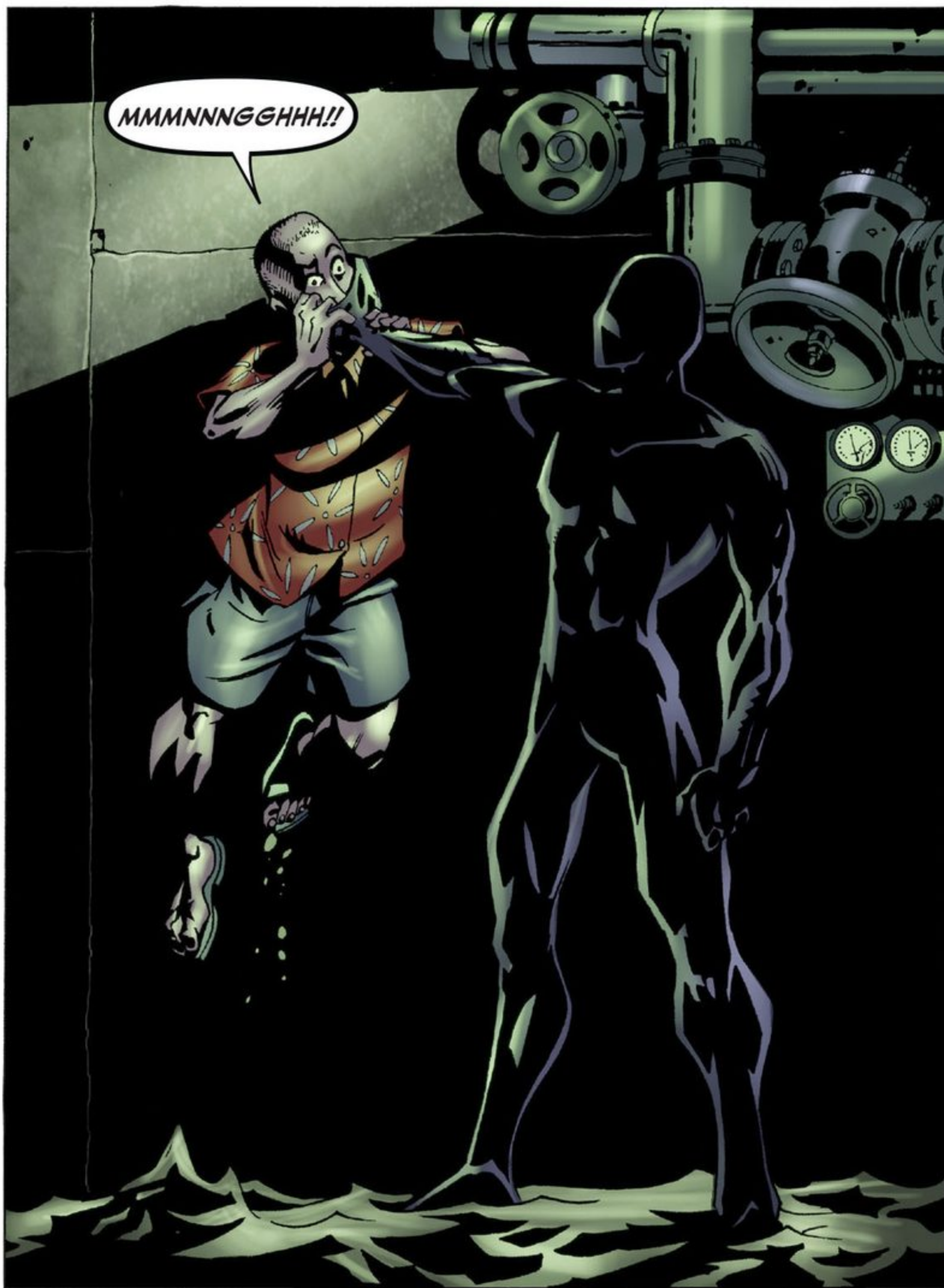
UUNNNHH

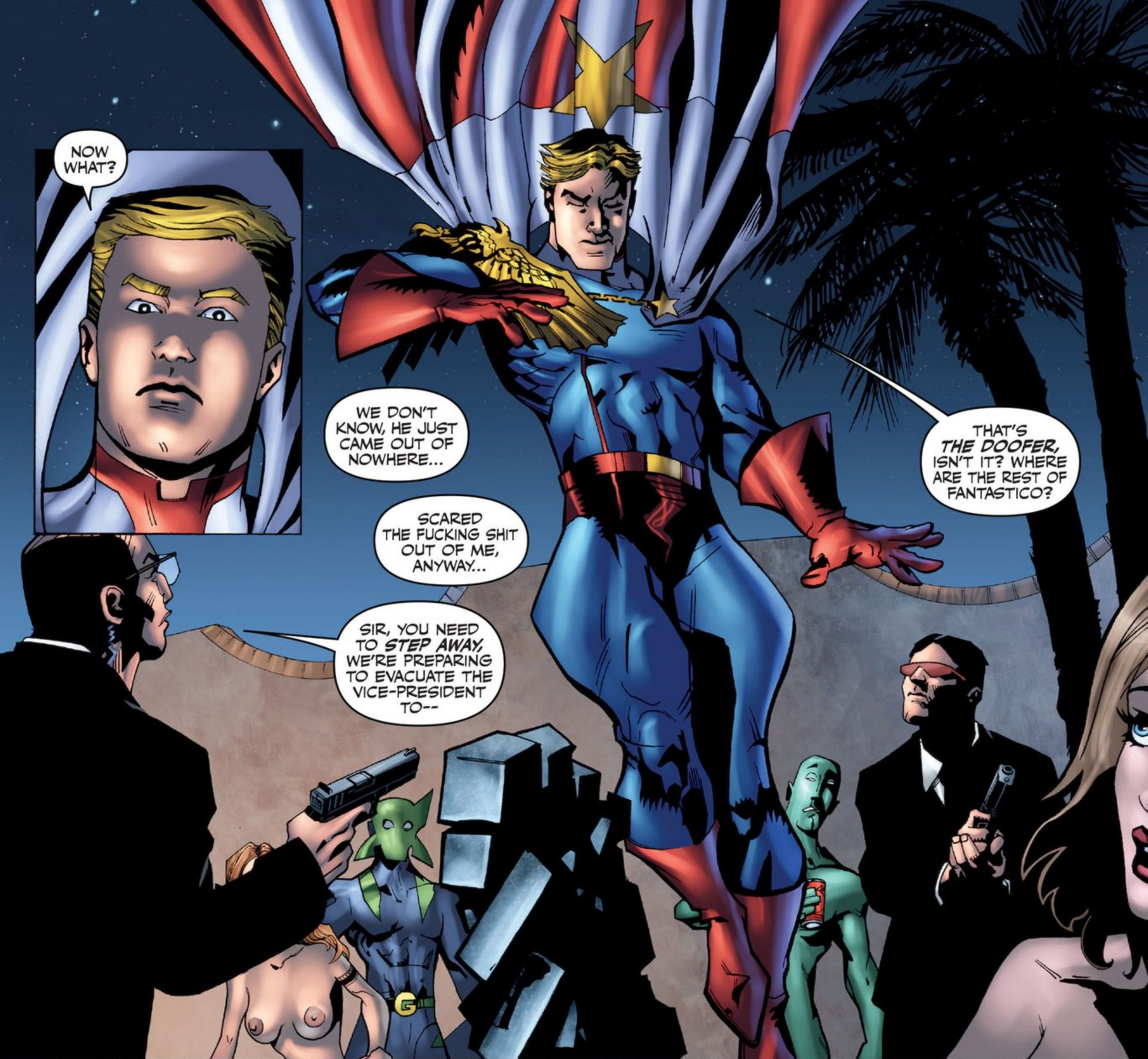
FUCKIN' HELL...
ALL RIGHT, I'LL COME
DOWN AN' LOOK FOR
HIM. YOU GET LAUGHIN'
BOY CLEAR.

WILL DO.



MMNNNGGHH!
MMNNNGGHH!





NOW
WHAT?

WE DON'T
KNOW, HE JUST
CAME OUT OF
NOWHERE...

SCARED
THE FUCKING SHIT
OUT OF ME,
ANYWAY...

SIR, YOU NEED
TO *STEP AWAY*,
WE'RE PREPARING
TO EVACUATE THE
VICE-PRESIDENT
TO--

THAT'S
THE DOOFER,
ISN'T IT? WHERE
ARE THE REST OF
FANTASTICO?



SOMEBODY
CALL?

REACHER DICK...
WHAT ABOUT THE
OTHER TWO?

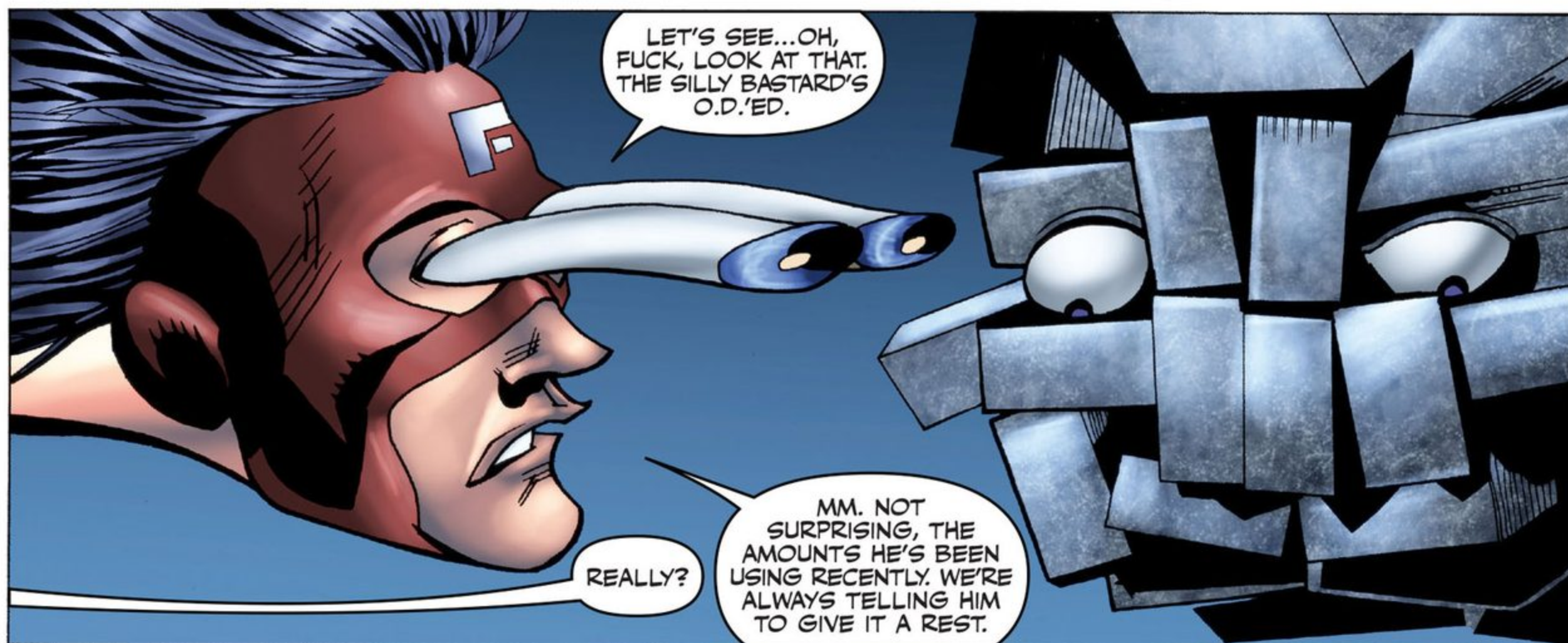
WE'RE IN
THE SHOWER IN
OUR SUITE--
JESUS, IS THAT
THE DOOFER?



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM...?

NOT
SURE.

THINK
HE'S DEAD.





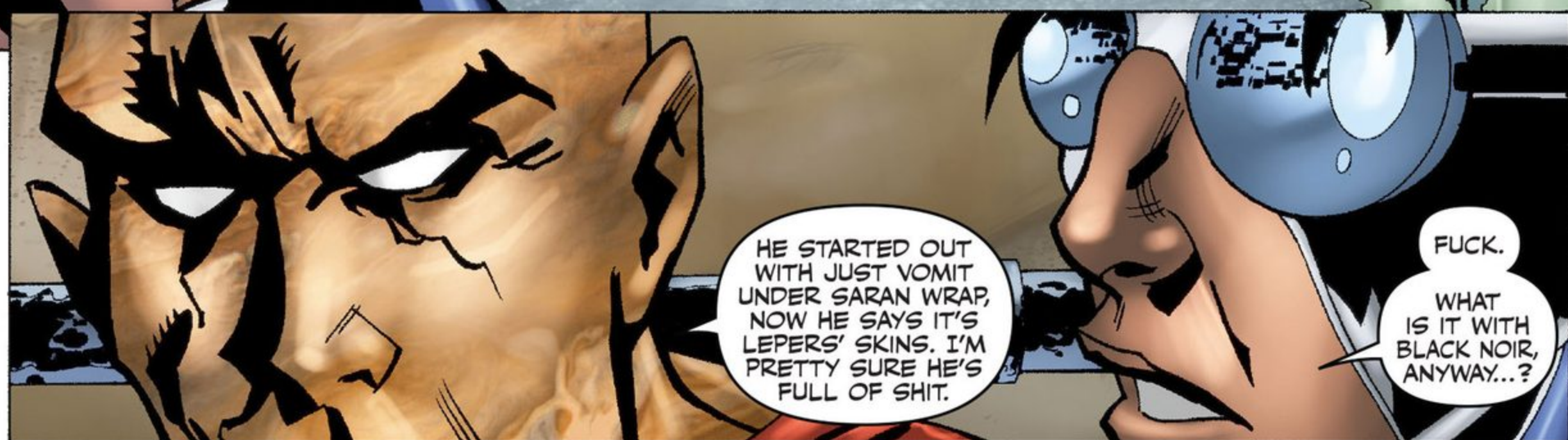




ONE OF
BLACK NOIR'S. ONE OF
HIS VILLAINS, I MEAN.
ASSHOLE THINKS HE'S
IN ANCIENT ROME.

YEAH.

IS THAT--?



HE STARTED OUT
WITH JUST VOMIT
UNDER SARAN WRAP,
NOW HE SAYS IT'S
LEPERS' SKINS. I'M
PRETTY SURE HE'S
FULL OF SHIT.

FUCK.

WHAT
IS IT WITH
BLACK NOIR,
ANYWAY...?



"I MEAN HE JUST SITS THERE,
DUDE. AT THE MEETINGS, OR
ANY OTHER TIME, HE SITS
THERE AND HE DOESN'T SAY
A WORD. HE DOESN'T MOVE.

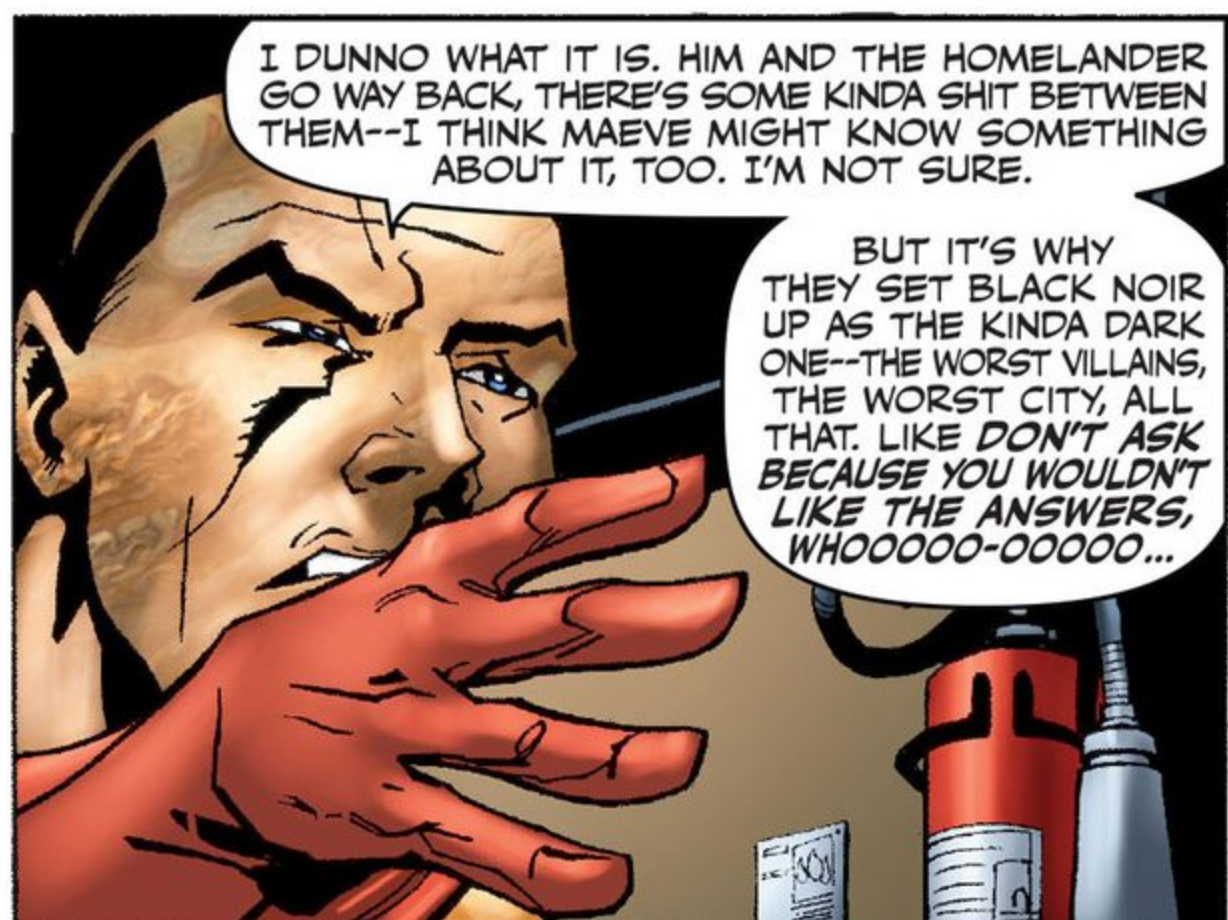
"I MEAN FUCKING
STARLIGHT **BLEW**
THE THREE OF US,
ME AND HIM AND THE
HOMELANDER, AND I
WATCHED HIM SHOOT
HIS LOAD AND I DON'T
THINK HE EVEN
MOANED..."



YOU
WATCHED
HIM, HUH?

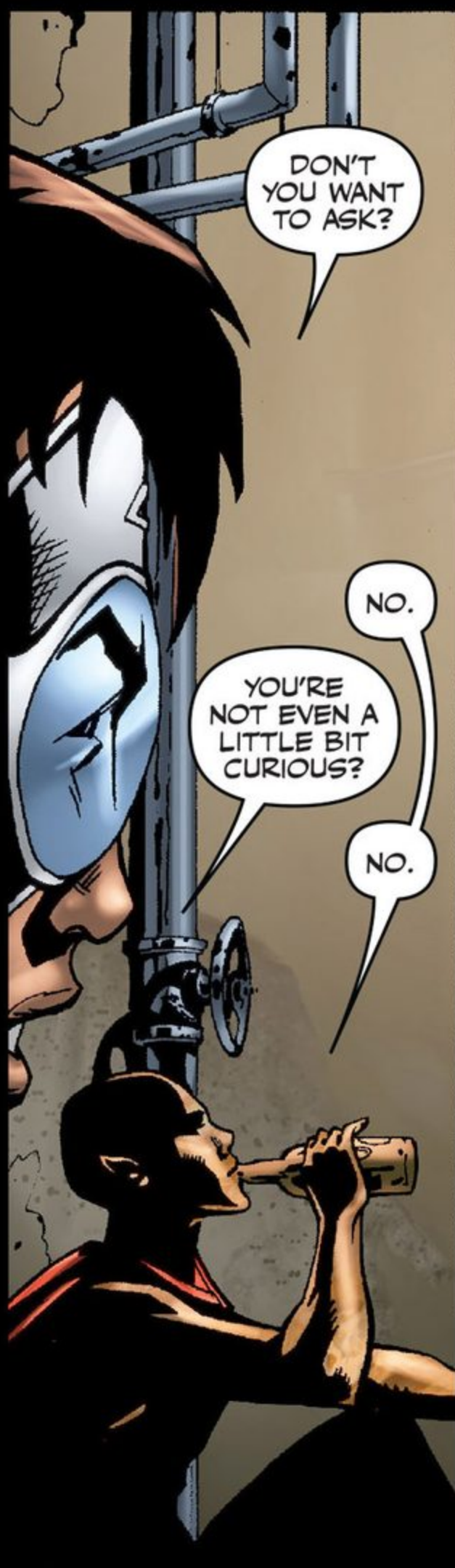
COME ON,
HE'S LIKE A
FOOT AWAY
FROM ME...

I KNOW.



I DUNNO WHAT IT IS. HIM AND THE HOMELANDER
GO WAY BACK, THERE'S SOME KINDA SHIT BETWEEN
THEM--I THINK MAEVE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING
ABOUT IT, TOO. I'M NOT SURE.

BUT IT'S WHY
THEY SET BLACK NOIR
UP AS THE KINDA DARK
ONE--THE WORST VILLAINS,
THE WORST CITY, ALL
THAT. LIKE **DON'T ASK**
BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T
LIKE THE ANSWERS,
WHOOOOO-OOOOO...



DON'T YOU WANT TO ASK?

NO.

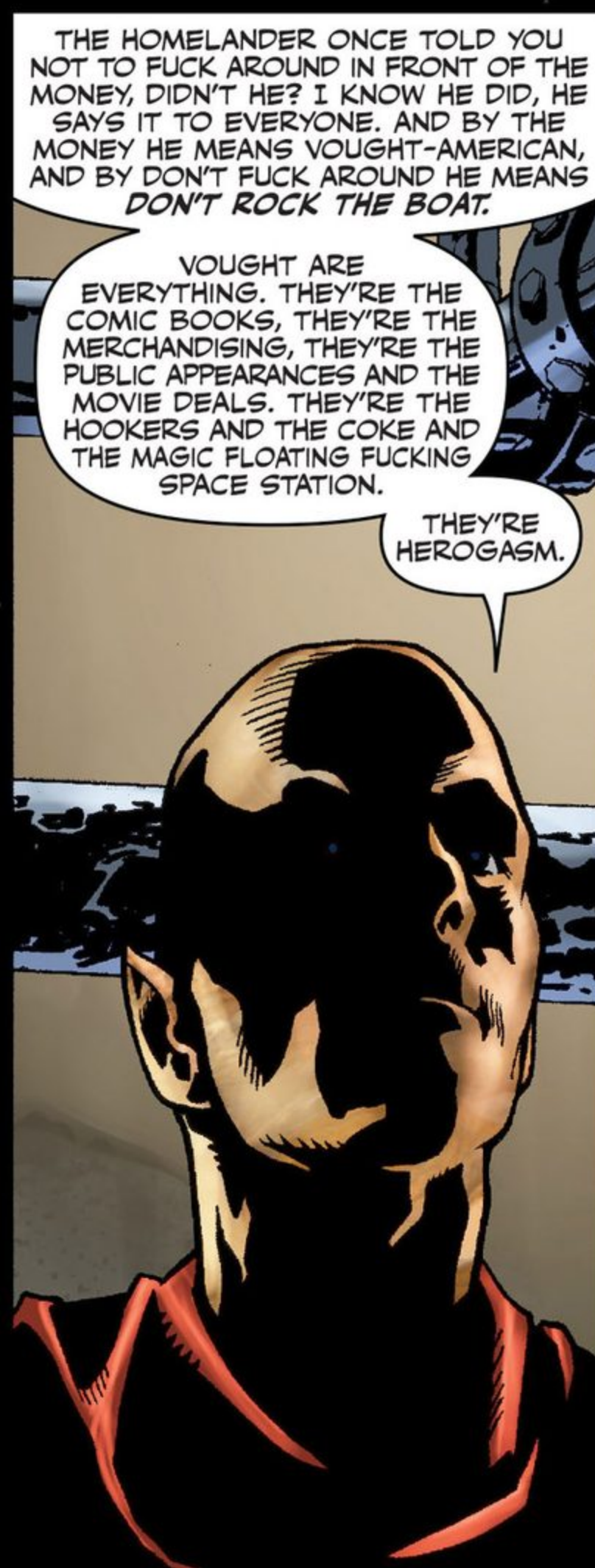
YOU'RE NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT CURIOUS?

NO.



JESUS...I THINK IF I'D BEEN ON THE TEAM AS LONG AS YOU HAVE, I'D WANT TO KNOW WHO I WAS SITTING DOWN WITH AT--

LET ME GIVE YOU A LITTLE FREE ADVICE.



THE HOMELANDER ONCE TOLD YOU NOT TO FUCK AROUND IN FRONT OF THE MONEY, DIDN'T HE? I KNOW HE DID, HE SAYS IT TO EVERYONE. AND BY THE MONEY HE MEANS VOUGHT-AMERICAN, AND BY DON'T FUCK AROUND HE MEANS *DON'T ROCK THE BOAT*.

VOUGHT ARE EVERYTHING. THEY'RE THE COMIC BOOKS, THEY'RE THE MERCHANDISING, THEY'RE THE PUBLIC APPEARANCES AND THE MOVIE DEALS. THEY'RE THE HOOKERS AND THE COKE AND THE MAGIC FLOATING FUCKING SPACE STATION.

THEY'RE HEROGASM.

"NOW I KNOW WE SEEM PRETTY FUCKED-UP-- AND WE ARE--BUT WE'RE JUST KIDS IN A CANDY STORE. LOOK AT THE SHIT WE GET UP TO AND REALLY, YOU CAN SUM IT UP IN THREE WORDS: HEY, WOULDN'T YOU?"

"BUT THAT GUY WHO SITS IN ON THE MEETINGS? THE VOUGHT GUY? I USED TO GIVE MYSELF *NIGHTMARES* THINKING ABOUT THE THINGS HE MIGHT'VE HAD DONE, ABOUT THE ORDERS HE MIGHT'VE GIVEN OVER THE YEARS.

"SO I STOPPED THINKING."





SHORT VERSION? I DON'T WANNA KNOW SHIT.



HEY, SEX-FACE.

UUNNNNGGGGHHH...!

HOW'S IT HANGIN'?



OOOOOOOHHHHHHH--!

'NOTHER ONE OF BLACK NOIR'S. THEY DON'T CALL HIM SEX-FACE IN THE COMIC BOOK, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH.

ANYHOW, I'M GONNA TEAR THE LID OFF A CAN OF COCK: YOU WANT THE MOUTH?

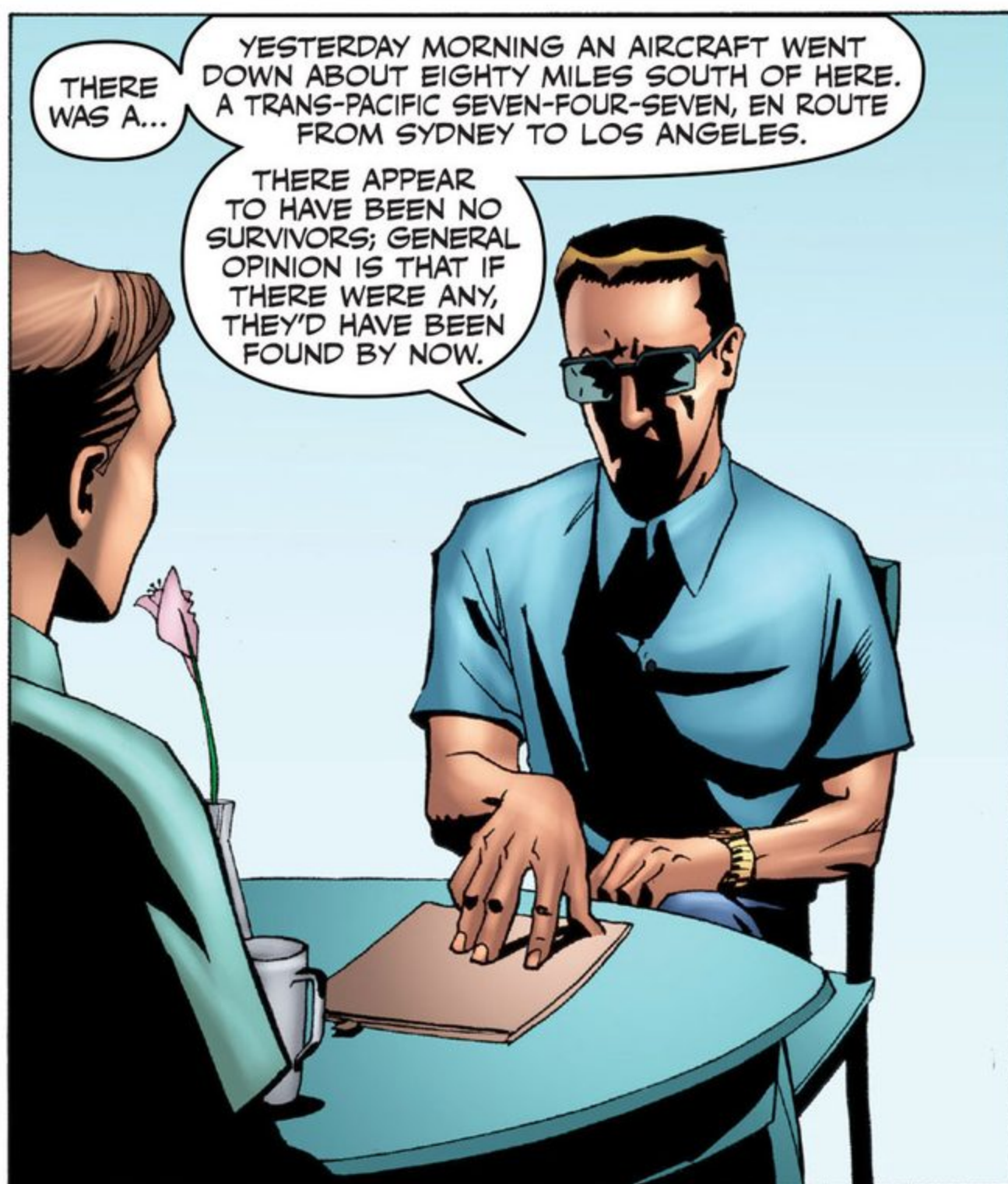
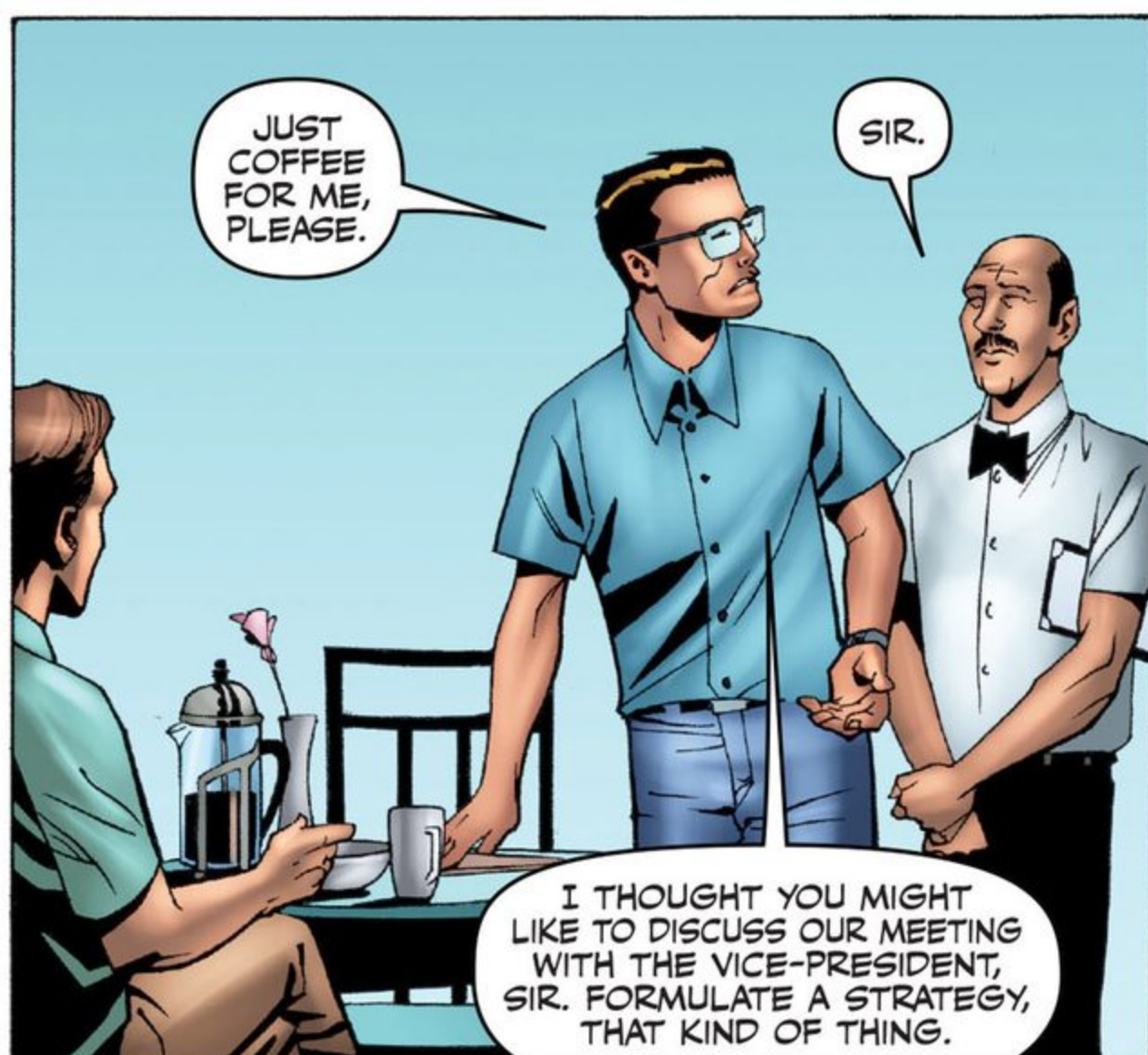
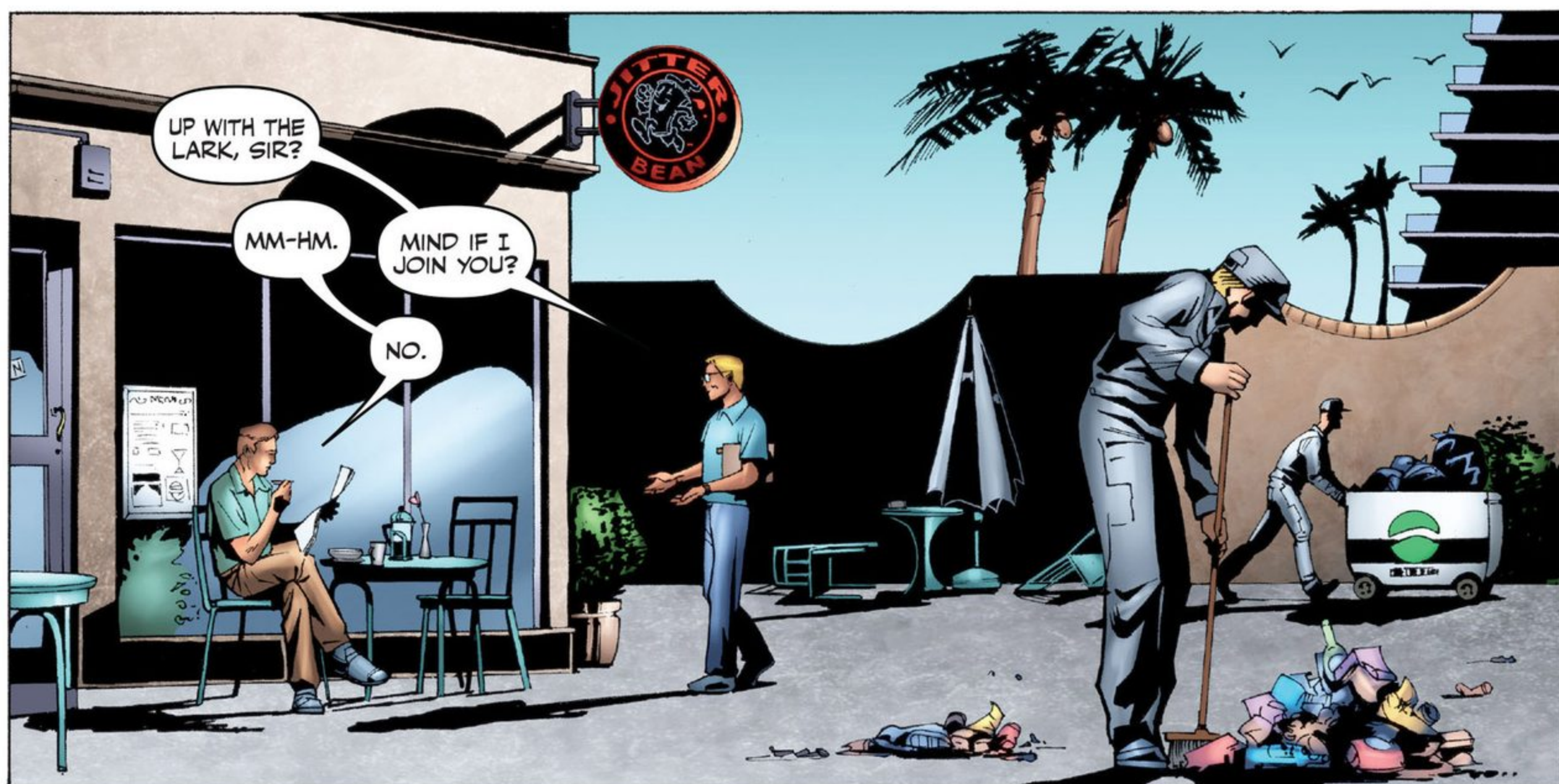


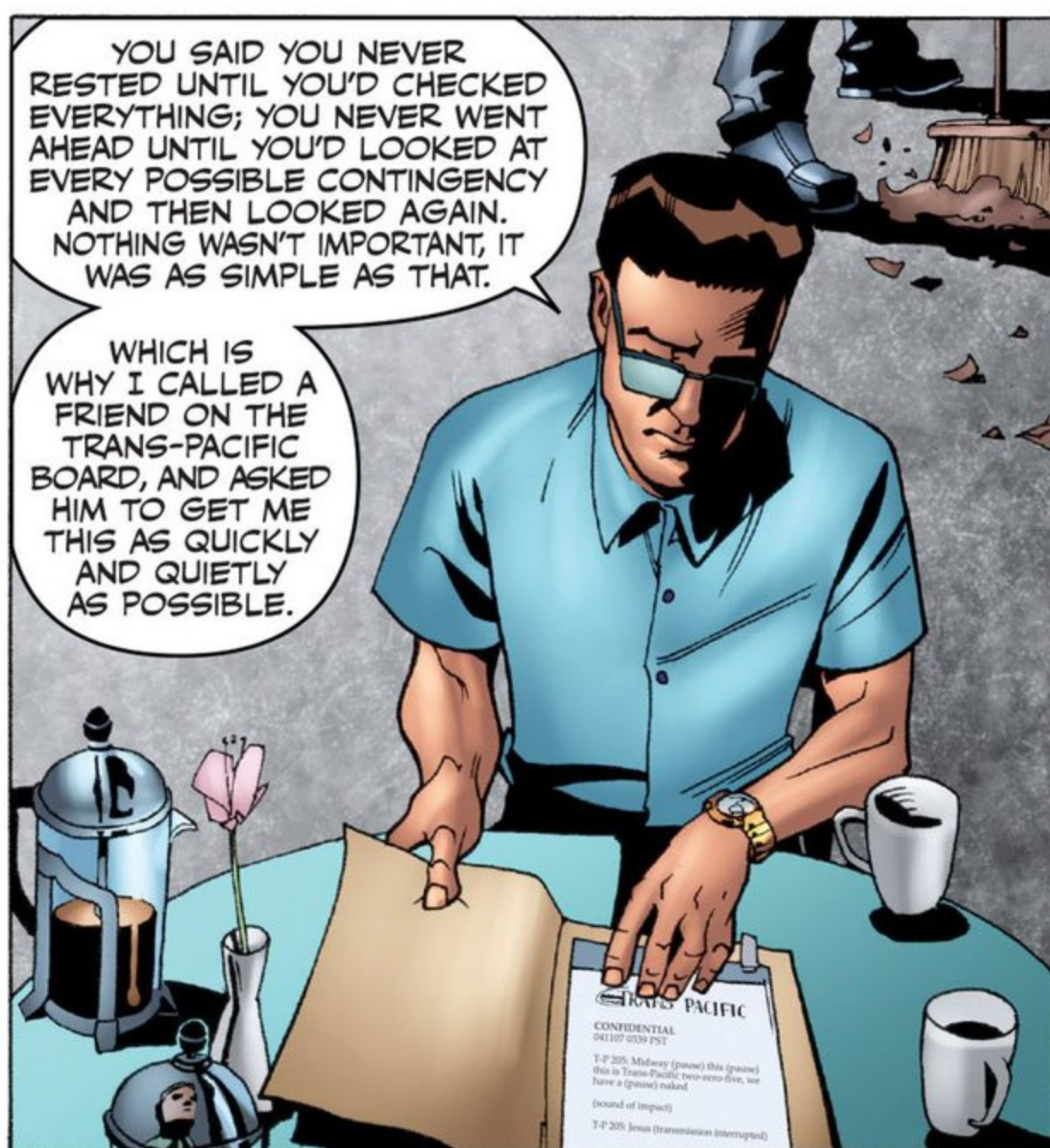
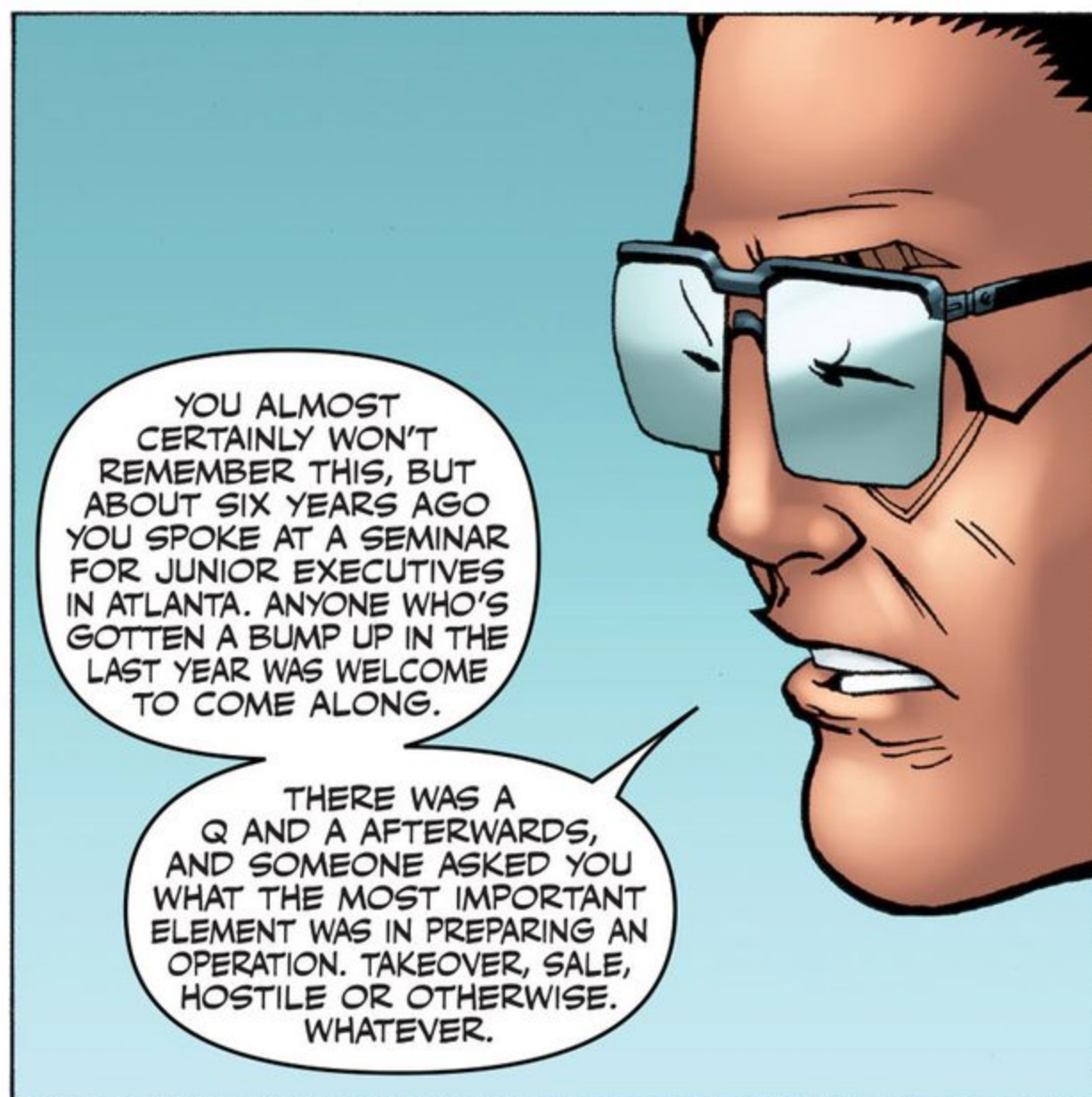
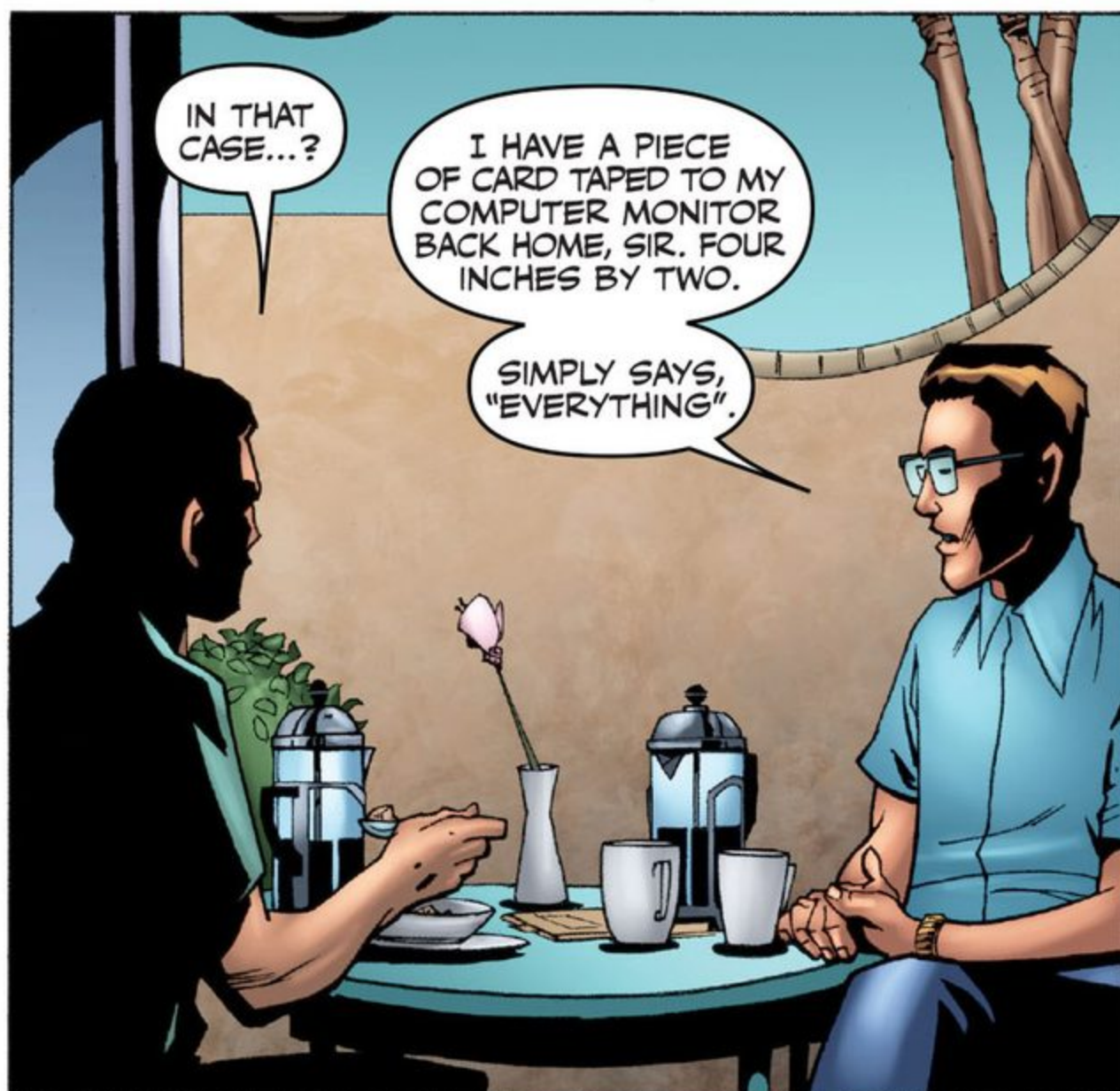
WHAT?

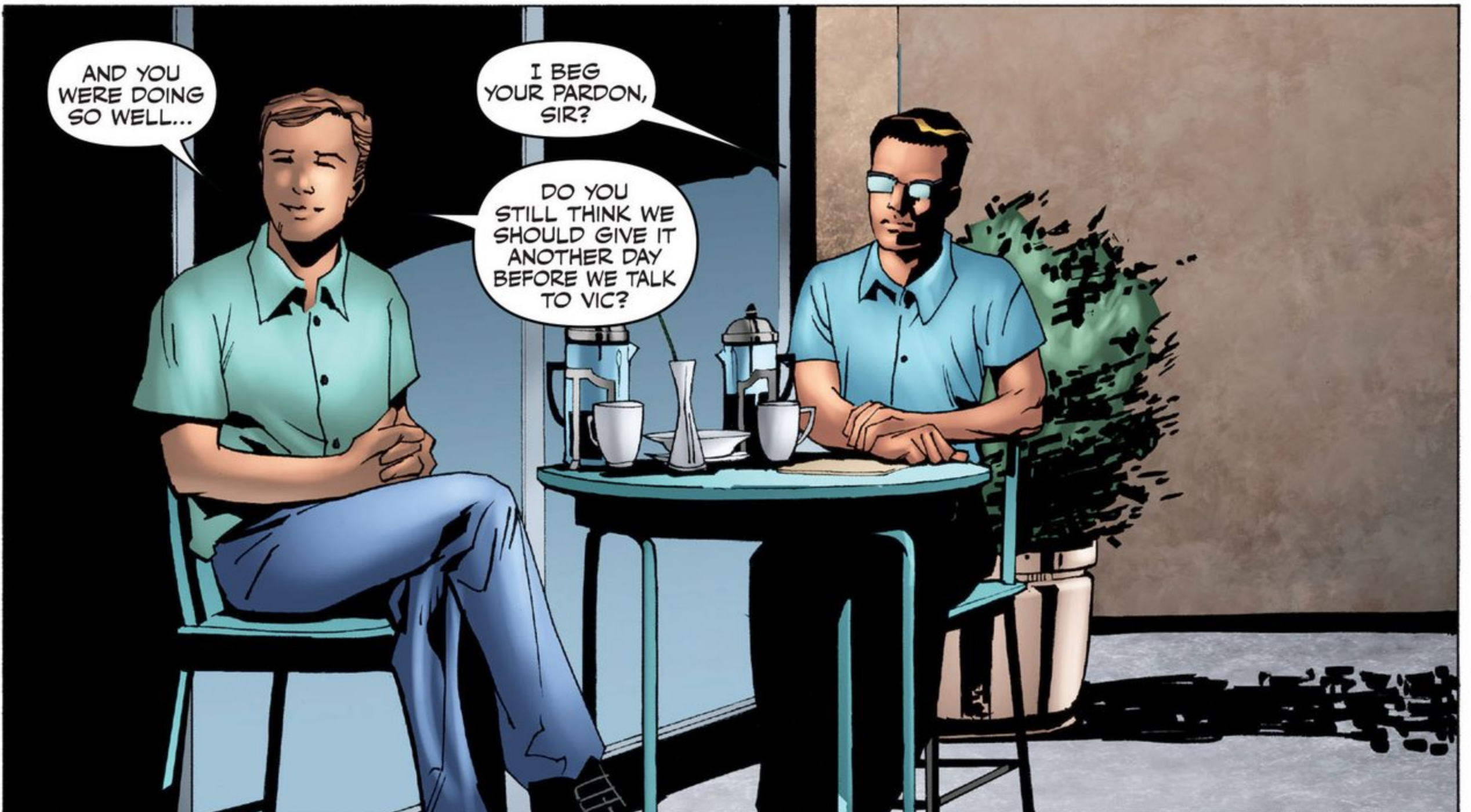
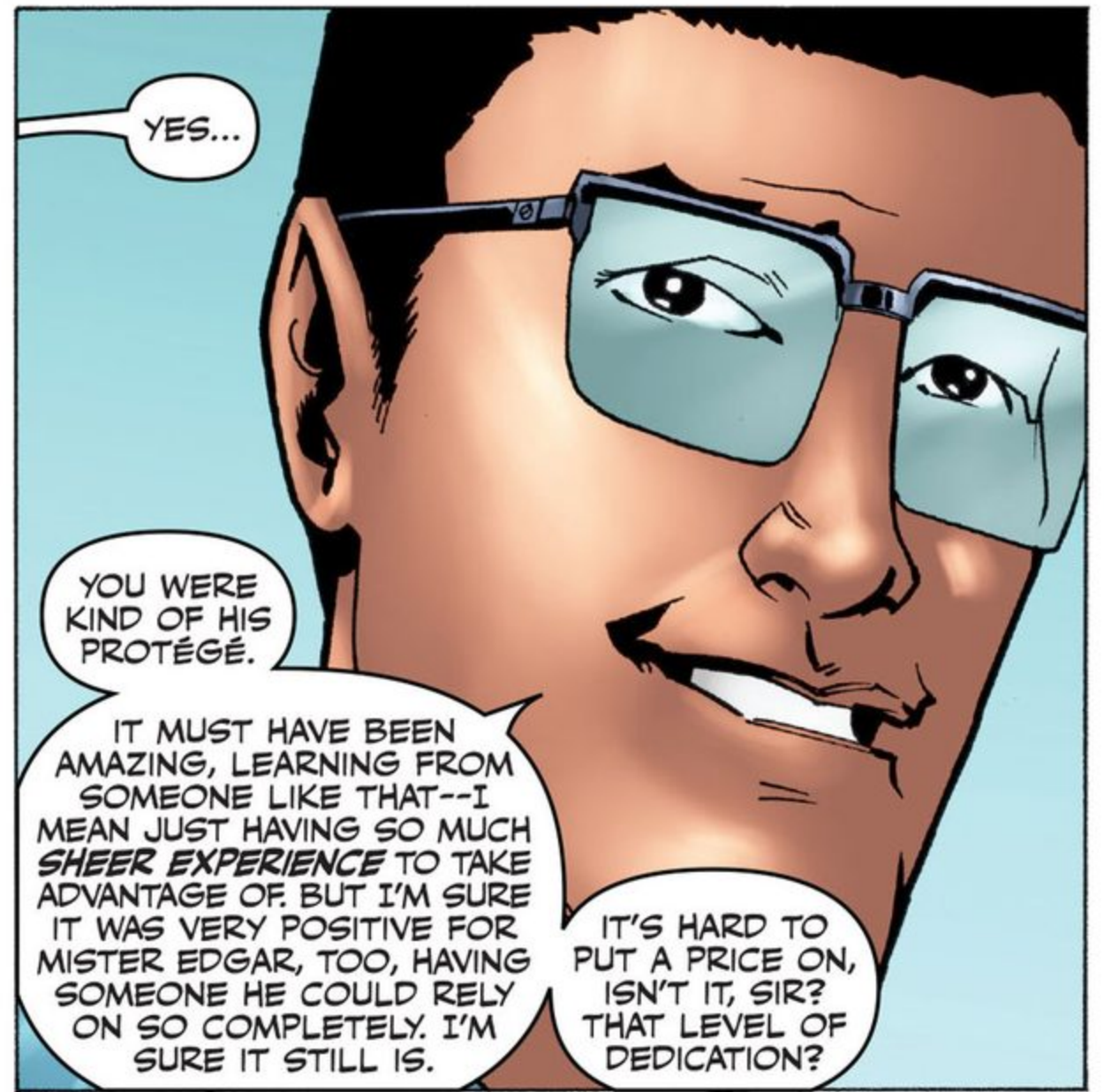
OH.

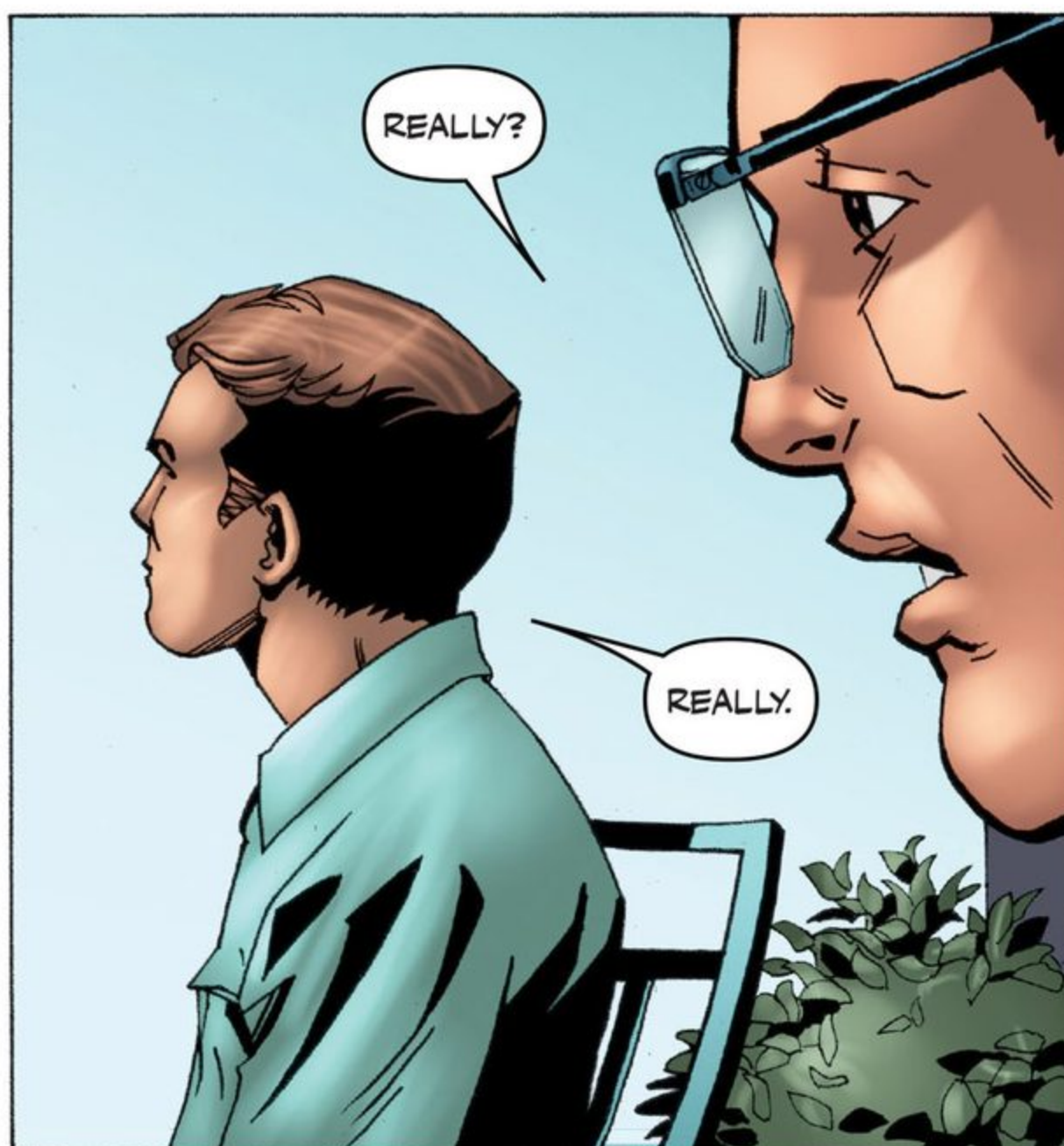


YEAH, SURE, WHY THE HELL NOT?







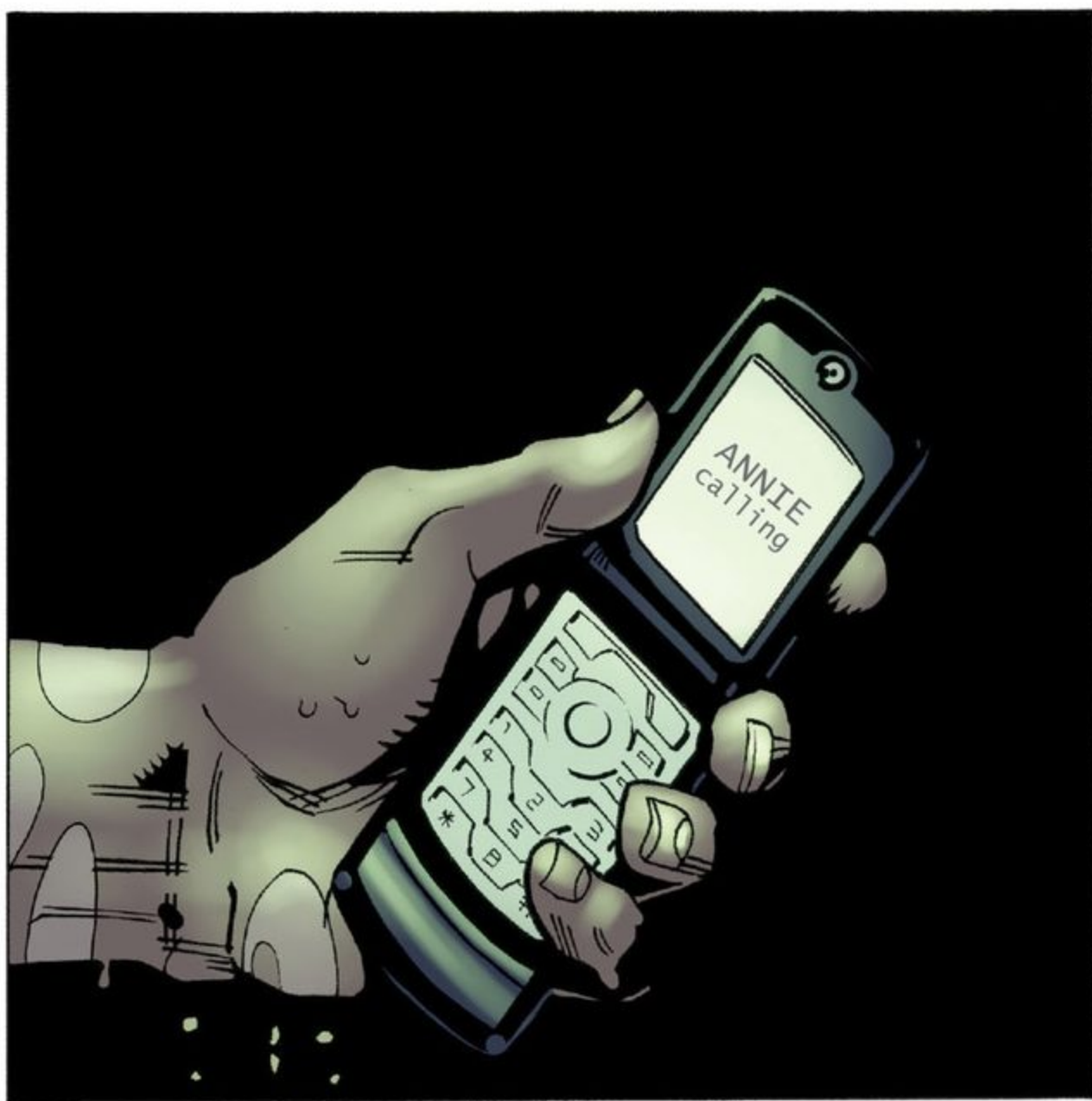


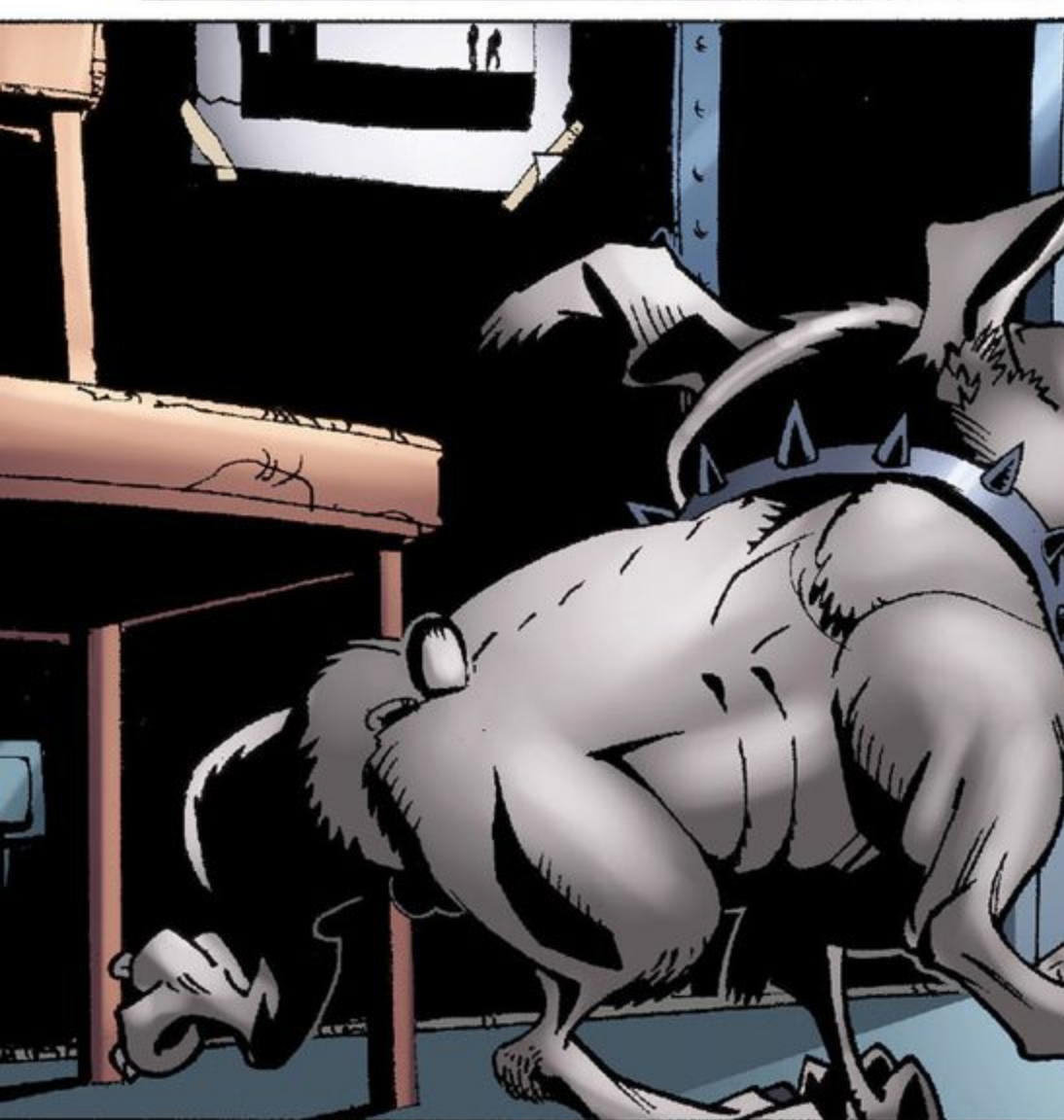
DAKOTA BOB HAS BEEN GOOD TO HIS PEOPLE. FROM HALLIBURTON ALL THE WAY DOWN TO BLACKWATER, HE'S COME THROUGH FOR THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN.

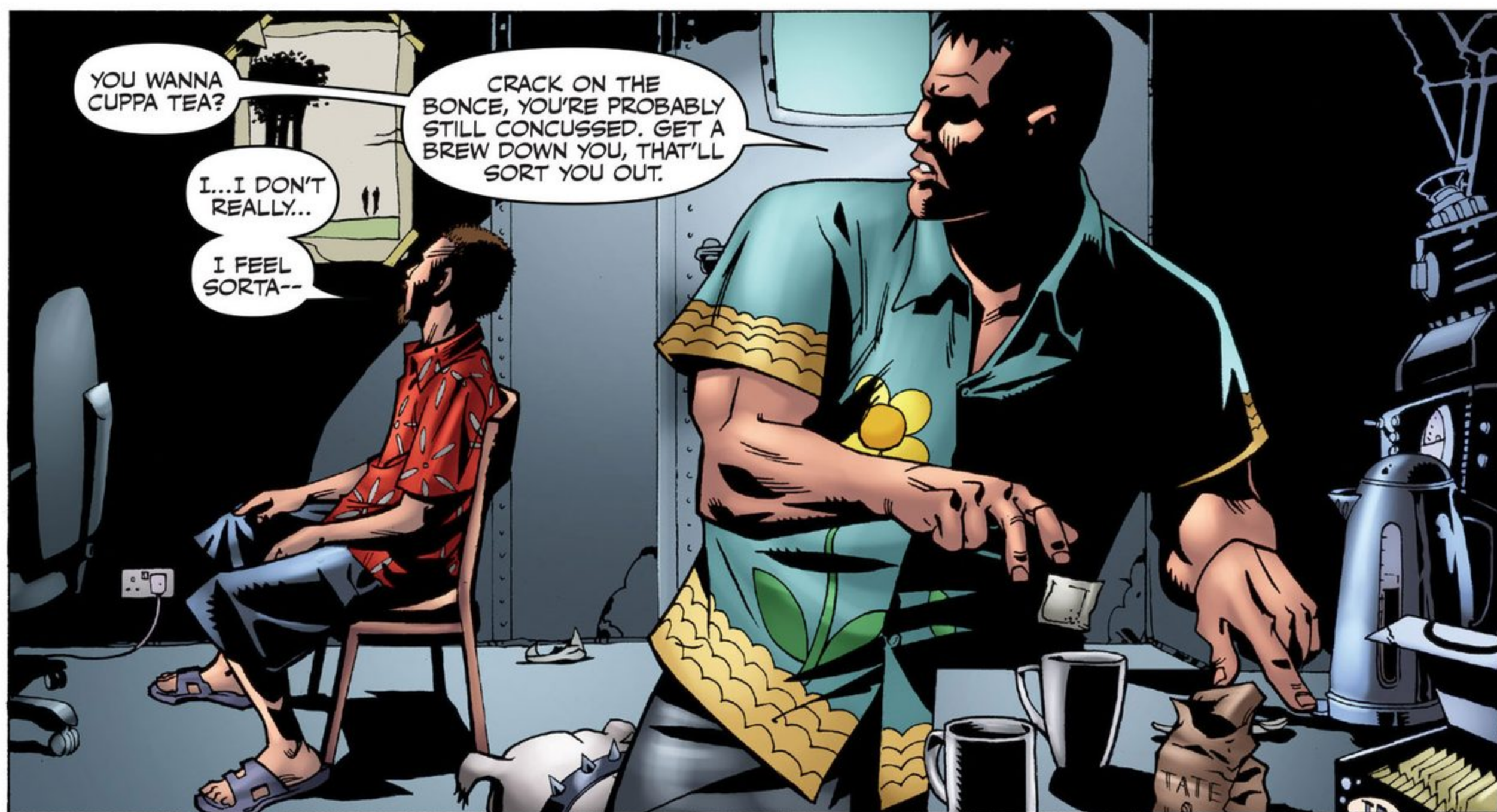
HE SOLD OFF MOST OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, AND ON TOP OF THAT HE DELIVERED PAKISTAN-- THE C.I.A. SAID HUNT BIN LADEN IN AFGHANISTAN, BUT BOB CAME THROUGH WITH A REAL WAR. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THOSE CONTRACTORS MUST BE MAKING, DOING HALF THE WORK BADLY AND CHARGING TWICE THE GOING RATE?

THAT MAN IS A TEAM PLAYER.









YOU WANNA
CUPPA TEA?

I...I DON'T
REALLY...

I FEEL
SORTA--

CRACK ON THE
BONCE, YOU'RE PROBABLY
STILL CONCUSSUED. GET A
BREW DOWN YOU, THAT'LL
SORT YOU OUT.



DON'T LOOK
LIKE YOU'RE CUT
OR NOTHIN'...

I THINK THERE
WAS A BIT OF A LUMP
EARLIER ON, BUT I
DUNNO. IT STILL HURTS
LIKE FUCK.

I JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



WHAT?

NOTHIN'.

DID WE
GET HIM,
THEN?



MM?

THE
TARGET...

OH YEAH, WE
GOT HIM. YEAH,
WE GOT HIM,
ALL RIGHT.



COME AN' SAY
HELLO TO THE
OBJECT A' THE
EXERCISE:



AGENT
MICHAEL LUCERO,
UNITED STATES
SECRET SERVICE...

TO BE
CONTINUED



GOBLINK